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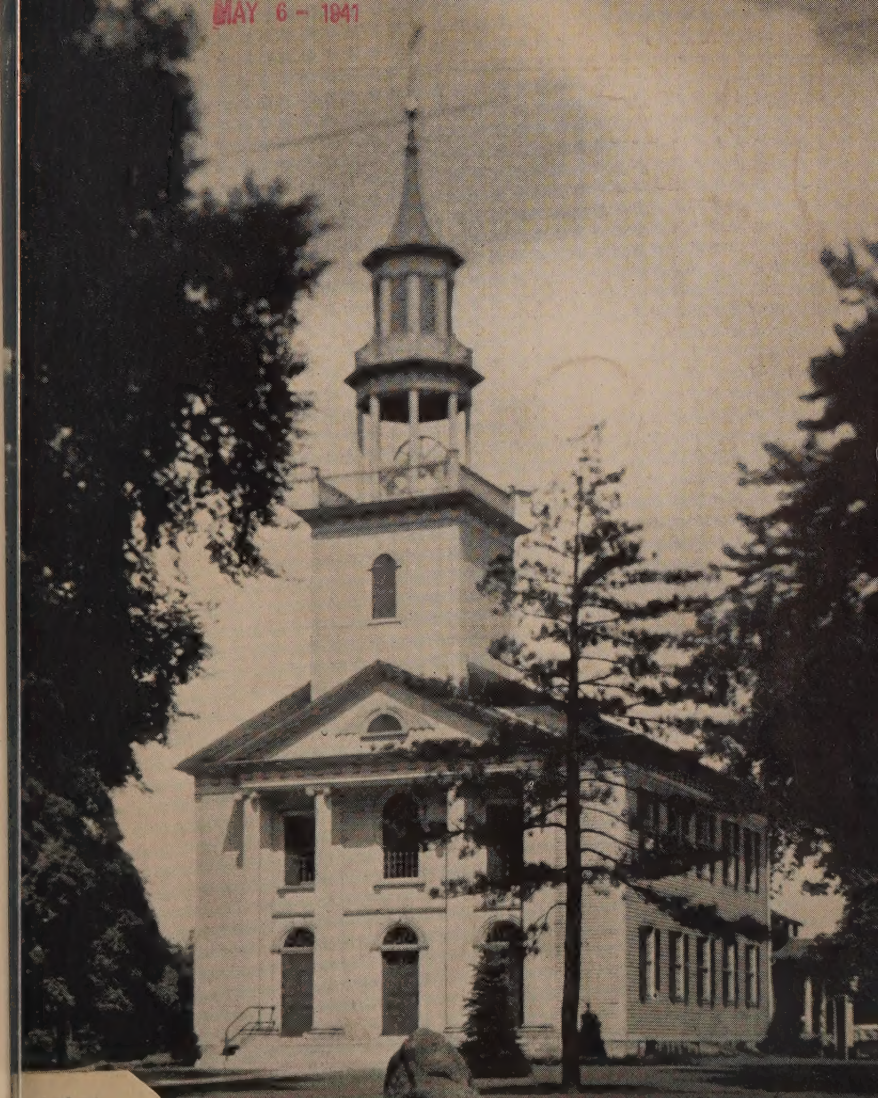

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THE MISSIONARY HERALD

AT HOME AND ABROAD

JANUARY · 1941

FOR PASTORS
AND
CHURCH OFFICERS

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Walker Missionary Homes, Inc.

Dedicated to

MISSIONARIES

for their

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Time of Disability
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Children

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Walker Missionary Homes, Inc.

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HAROLD B. BELCHER, *Treasurer*
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Let Us Keep Lent—February 26 to April 13

Let us set aside a brief period each day for quiet meditation, Bible reading and prayer. We all stand in need of just such a period as this. Let us pray—for ourselves, for our homes, for our friends, for our church, our community and our nation.

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The Missionary Herald

At Home and Abroad

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Vol. CXXXVII JANUARY, 1941 No. 1

Our Cover

The cover picture is that of the First Congregational Church of Tallmadge, Ohio, a few miles out of Akron. A memorable session of the recent Mid-West Regional Meeting was held there. At that time and place Dr. Bowers read a paper on "The Historic Rural Church," portions of which appear in our first article.

We understand that the work on the church was begun in April, 1822, and finished in August, 1825. The building was dedicated about a month later.

In 1849 it was remodeled. In 1925, on the occasion of its centenary, the church was "partially restored to its original appearance."

And now may it long stand as one of the most beautiful edifices of our Fellowship! And, too, may it go on producing leaders for country and city—as it has done so notably in its honorable past!

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The Rural Church: Then and Now

By Dr. Roy E. Bowers, of Lakewood, Ohio*

THE historic rural church of the Northwest Territory, of which Tallmadge is a distinguished example, has passed through three phases and is now entering a fourth: 1. That of swift, energetic and often heroic pioneering. This, in Ohio, ended about 1830. 2. That of tension and conflict, to the Civil War. 3. That of brief prosperity and slow decline, from the Civil War to the World War. 4. That of new pioneering on new frontiers, into which the Churches are now entering.

The Ordinance of 1878 started everything. Immediately all America was on the march. Before 1820, 800,000 emigrants from southern New England alone had gone west or south. Six distinctly religious invasions of the Ohio territory developed by the year 1800: *from Massachusetts*, Congregationalists coming down the Ohio to Marietta; *from New Jersey*, Baptists down the river to Cincinnati; *from Paris*, French Catholics to found Gallipolis; from the *Southern states*, Presbyterian, Methodists, Episcopalians and Baptists, into southern Ohio; *from Pennsylvania*, Lutherans, Dunkards, Quakers, Mennonites, and Welsh Congregationalists; finally, *from New York* and *Connecticut* into the "New Connecticut," or Western Reserve and Firelands, Congregationalists and a few Presbyterians.

Ohio was the first state to be settled from *all* the older states, and has always been the great average and representative, the Middle State.

Education, particularly of the sectarian type, was strongly promoted. Institutes and colleges sprang up on every hand. Not a child of the backwoods but was within a day's walk of some such institution. Day school teachers were zealous rivals of ministers in discovering and developing talent. Lucy Foster of Tallmadge taught Leonard Bacon, Julian M. Sturtevant and John Brown of Harper's Ferry fame. Pastor John Seward of Aurora encouraged and aided Samuel Bissell, Julian M. Sturtevant and James A. Garfield to go to college.

In those days the rural church was *the* church, strong mother of churches in cities yet to be born. The noble Tallmadge building was begun before the future site of Akron was surveyed, and when Akron First Church was a year old Tallmadge had completed its first quarter century.

*From his address at the Tallmadge Service of the Mid-West Regional Meeting of the Missions Council of Congregational-Christian Churches, October 23, 1940.

Rev. Cecil Leek, minister of the Tallmadge Church, greets us just before the memorable service on October 23

Land in Tallmadge in 1814 cost twice as much as in the center of the present city of Cleveland.

* * *

The classification into city and rural churches became valid after the Civil War. The country boys left the farms for the cities or the New West. Rev. P. D. Dodge, minister of Tallmadge forty years ago, once stated that former Tallmadge boys were to be found on the Session of every Presbyterian Church in Cleveland. Sereno Peck Fenn, born in Tallmadge, is honored in Cleveland as the founder of Fenn College, the great Y.M.C.A. technical school. Julian M. Sturtevant went west from Tallmadge to found Illinois College at Jacksonville, and Homer W. Carter to superintend Wisconsin State Conference.

* * *

Now the town is going to the country. New Americans with large families are filtering into every township, and on the mailboxes there is a picturesque and prophetic alternation of old and new American names. Let our rural churches revive the sincere neighborliness of the early days and new strength will surely revive them.

The danger is that they will not react thus but that they may revert to the old exclusive pattern. A student of Agricultural

Economics recently made out a report on a typical Western Reserve Community which his own ancestors helped to settle. Of the present population he remarked: "There is an increase of first and second generation foreign stock settling on the smaller farms, and *this fact is resented by the natives*."

Of course this resentment is not peculiar to rural districts. Our city churches have been as provincial and have edged away from the newcomers, with the result that we are fast becoming a suburban cult.

Yet now is the new day of our opportunity, and a new crisis in the life of the rural church. To assimilate and grow, or to reject and perish, are the alternatives.

By precept and by friendly forthgoing example on the part of adults, let the children be brought to show kindness to the young strangers in school, on the playground and in the school bus. Let hospitality welcome them to the old homesteads, and let the young Old Americans bring the young New Americans into their church activities. Let the adults be neighborly toward the parents who may not yet "speak American," but who know the language of the heart and are glad when their children are happy.

Let ministers and teachers study the Old World background and culture, and with intelligent appreciation blend it into our thinner American tradition. Let us be advised by the Rev. George Gilbert, who says in his *Forty Years a Country Minister:*

"Somehow the maturer churches must adjust their programs to all sorts and conditions of men. They may have what they call 'the best people' . . . but they are headed for disaster. . . . The lower cultural level supplies the cities with its youth, and the churches must look in this direction for (replacement). . . . It is because this great group of underprivileged do not feel at home in our churches that more than a score of eccentric sects exercise such a pull over them." And that goes for rural churches too.

The new families do not come in colonies, as our ancestors often came to the Reserve, bringing their church organization with them, like Windham, Dover and others. Therefore, they can be drawn one by one into friendly association with existing institutions. As others come they will find a pattern already accepted cheerfully by those who preceded them. They will not feel excluded and bleak, and as time passes they will not revert to old country religious patterns and associations, because they have found the new ones so satisfying. Thus the community life will be unified.

Subversive and sinister anti-American agencies are trying to split our American society into hostile blocs, white against black,

The Schauffler College Choir, Prof. Edwin A. Ralph, Director, contributed greatly to the sessions of the Mid-West Regional Meeting, notably at Tallmadge

labor against capital, Protestant against Catholic, Christian against Jew, Old American against New American. The spirit that motivates the New Testament Church and later the American Pioneer Church is the only force that can foil these plotters against the American Way of Life. It is the spirit of the Christian neighbor and fellow traveler.

In the vital task of reviving these pioneer Christian virtues it is most fortunate that in our Ohio Fellowship the Congregational-Christian fusion is making such splendid progress. Our Christian brethren represent an actual product of the frontier, which has preserved more of the spirit of the pioneers than the older Congregational groups have done. I do not know of a more inspiring chapter of Ohio church history than that which records the coming of mighty men like Nathan Hill, Samuel Kyle and David Purviance. Their pure democracy, their love of life and youth and plain people, and their heroic loyalty to their convictions, call us all to emulation.

The old life of isolated individualism is fast disappearing. Aristotle used to teach that the size of any city, if it is to be

efficient, should be fixed by the number of people able to hear one man's voice at one and the same time. The radio in our day has packed the whole world into the area of ancient Athens or Rome. We are neighbors, all.

Let our Pilgrim churches, heirs of the pioneers, whole-heartedly accept this fact with its implications. Let our national societies coöperate, no longer viewing the rural and the downtown church as a cistern to be pumped dry, but as a living well to be reopened; not as a field to be overcropped or turned back to wilderness, but as soil to be replenished and made fruitful again.

As for the rural church, its line is simply to strive to fulfill the second great commandment and thus make its blessing available to all its neighbors.

The Rural Church Needs:

By Thomas Alfred Tripp

1. Trained pastors who have a sense of vocation regarding the rural church and the strength of conviction concerning the unique function of the Christian ministry as a means of meeting rural problems.

2. Laymen who are equipped with the capacity for rich human fellowship, a vision of the unlimited possibilities of the rural neighborhood and an unbounded faith in God who created the earth.

3. Leaders who are inspired by their love of God to faithfulness and team-work in building a Christian rural community and in passing on a growing religious tradition to rural youth.

4. Salaries sufficiently adequate for rural ministers who prefer to serve in the small town and the open country but who wish to provide at least a reasonable security for their families.

5. Pastorates of sufficient length to permit the minister to become a neighbor to his people and to understand the intricate workings of the dynamic processes of rural life.

6. A well-rounded program which takes account of the physical, intellectual, social and spiritual needs of farmers and of citizens in small towns.

7. A partnership with farmers' organizations and all other constructive community agencies which are working to build up the rural community.

8. A recognition of the Great Pattern in the ecology of soils

and their care, of living things and their growing, and of communities and their social forces.

9. A service to *all* rural people, including those outside the towns as well as those within the "city limits," farmers as well as townsfolk, tenants as well as landowners and those "across the tracks" as well as the more prosperous citizens.

10. A sense of fellowship with all other churches whether in country, town or city and a willingness to share in the "larger parish" of the community, the nation and the world for the spreading of the Gospel.

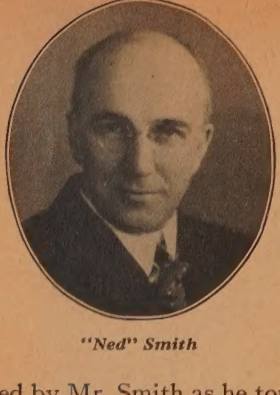
The Man They All Love

By Dr. William L. Beard, of Ingtai, China

On April 30, 1940 a man who has spent nearly forty years of his life in and for Ingtai, China, started for furlough in the United States. The whole city rose to show appreciation of what he has done for the people here in these four decades of unselfish service. Through a mile of street the shopkeepers suspended their business as he passed on his way to the ferry that took him across the Ingtai River to the first lap of his long journey. More than 1000 teachers and students, boys and girls, dismissed classes and followed him in procession all the way to the ferry. There were men in this procession who had walked twenty miles over rough, steep mountain roads (and who must return over the same roads) to do homage to this man. His name is Edward Huntington Smith.

In early 1901 it was my privilege to introduce Ned Smith to the people of Ingtai. We toured the whole field, nearly as large as the state of Connecticut. He could not speak a word of Chinese—but his smile "got" the people. He was the first missionary that they could really call their own, to live among them and to stay for a long time. Mr. Smith was their own. They took him right into their hearts at first sight. That reception has been going on for almost forty years.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith have changed the mind of Ingtai. That is possibly the most fundamental change that can take place in any community. Christian education is probably one of the most prominent of the different methods they used. At first the boys and girls were hand-



"Ned" Smith

picked by Mr. Smith as he toured the district, selecting one boy from this village and a girl from that hamlet. They received an education in a Christian atmosphere.

Mr. Smith befriended the people in hard and dangerous times. He risked his own life to save them from bandits and inhuman armies. He made possible medical care for them when ill. He fed and clothed and educated their orphans. In a word, he provided church, school and hospital for them. He taught them about God and His love and in his own life of love among them he has shown them that God is their loving Father. During all these years Mrs. Smith had been a most gracious homemaker and hostess. Last summer God called her to the Higher Service.

Ned Smith was leaving for a much overdue furlough on the day on which I began this story. No one there regretted it. All were happy, but they all asked, "When will he come back?" It was a sight never to be forgotten —1300 teachers and students standing on the river bank waving goodby and singing "God be with you till we meet again."

If Christian education was his first concern, "Ned's orphans" press for a close second. There are more than 250 of them now. If you should ask him how many have gone through the orphanage school into higher school, college and seminary, and are now serving their country in various important positions, he would smile and shake his head and reply: "I don't know." The relation between Ned Smith and his orphans is unique. I have witnessed two very touching sights in my life. One was Mrs. Sam Higginbottom and her 500 lepers in Allahabad, India. She actually TOUCHES them. The other is Ned Smith and his orphans.

When Mr. Smith goes into the grounds after class hours thirty or forty of them come running to him. He takes a little face between his hands and looks into it with a father's love. One pulls his ear down and whispers, "I want a piece of soap." His hand goes into his pocket and out comes a bar of soap and a knife and a piece is cut off and given to the boy who runs off as happy as an American boy with a new sled.

(*Please turn to page 41*)

Bushnell Church, Detroit

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What the Church Means to Us

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THE names by which we have become accustomed to classify each other are generally deceptive. Episcopalianism, for instance, means certainly something more than the rule of bishops, and Presbyterianism something more than government by elders. Similarly the name *Congregational* falls far short of expressing the richness and variety which make up the life of the communion which bears it. Suggesting as it does to many who are unfamiliar with the facts a type of polity or want of polity in which "the local congregation is everything and the rest of the Church nothing," it is wholly misleading.

It is true that there is an apparent lack of central authority

among Congregationalists which seems to argue a want of structural unity in the communion and a corresponding poverty of doctrine concerning the Church. In spite of this seeming evidence, however, the Congregational churches are one body; in that body they see a prototype of the universal Church; and their doctrine of the Church, which elaborates the meaning of their own unity and their hope for Christendom, forms part of the unchanging substratum of their thought. It is the mystery of the Church as Congregationalists know it that though no central authority appears to the eye, every true member recognizes that it has an authoritative center.

The authoritative center is God—as He reveals Himself in Jesus Christ and speaks through His Holy Spirit. "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." There is a certain completeness about the smallest group gathered to celebrate God's presence, for the reason that He is there, and that He is all-sufficient. It is because He may also be present, however, to others besides the two or three, because indeed He may be the center of a fellowship extending from generation to generation and destined to cover the whole earth, that no local congregation or single communion can be regarded as independent of the greater Church throughout the world. The invisible center of the visible Church—is God.

Congregationalism rests upon three foundation stones: faith, fellowship, and freedom—the three human responses to God as He comes to us in the Christian revelation as Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Congregationalism is faith in God the Father, fellowship in Christ, and freedom in the Spirit.

Whoever enjoys that faith, that fellowship, and that freedom is possessed of intrinsic Congregationalism, whatever may be the denomination to which he belongs. Congregationalism cannot therefore be said to have been founded by Robert Browne or John Robinson in the late sixteenth century. Though it had its beginnings at that time in England as a corporate ecclesiastical group distinct from others, its history is as old as that of Christianity; and because Congregationalists know that many of their fellow Christians today cherish for the Body of Christ, though with varying emphases, the same three attributes which they themselves hold essential, they look with hope to the reunion of the Church.

—From a 16-page pamphlet "The Nature of the Church According to the Teachings of Congregationalists" which was prepared by the International Seminar which met at New Haven last winter. Copies may be secured from the General Council at 287 Fourth Ave., New York City, for 5c. apiece or $3.00 a hundred.

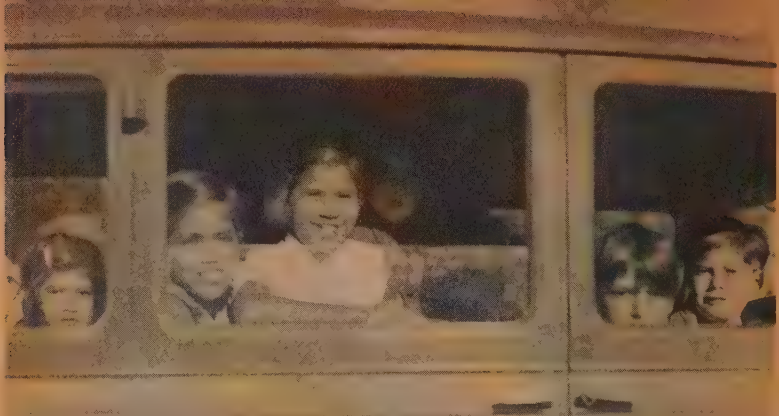
Lloyd Lorbeer of India teaching a class of California young people on the shores of Lake Tahoe

An Anthropologist on Missionaries

ERNEST A. HOOTON is Professor of Anthropology in Harvard University and author of *Apes, Men and Morons* and *Twilight of Man*. He recently made the following statement:

"The attitude of the more or less irreligious laymen toward the missionary is likely to reflect his resentment against persons who are professional proselytizers. Why should not the heathen be permitted to keep their own religions? In my youth I was prejudiced against missionaries and would-be missionaries, most of the latter of whom seemed to my jaundiced eye to have an excess of piety and a deficiency of personality.

"As an anthropologist I have completely reversed my judgment of missionaries. These men and women have contributed more to our knowledge of peoples of the world than have the entire ruck of professional travelers and explorers. They may have done more than the anthropologists themselves. Missionaries are men and women of character and they tell the truth. Some may be bigoted, but most are not! Harvard University has a steady clientele of missionaries who are research associates in anthropology, doing splendid investigations as a side line of their regular duties. I am for missionaries."



Crowded but happy

For a Sweeter World

BOYS AND GIRLS OF AMERICA

SUGAR is much more popular than are the people who produce it. That is because the cultivation and harvesting of sugar beets is harder work than Americans of several generations standing care to perform. We "let George do it"—only he spells it "Jorge." He is assisted by his good wife, and he speaks Spanish! And when the law is not looking, the children lend a hand.

The Martinez family, like many prosperous Americans, boasts two homes. Their winter house is in salubrious Texas; their summer one in breeze-swept Michigan. Unfortunately this arrangement is not as luxurious as it sounds. The transportation back and forth could hardly be called commodious. In the spring the sugar companies send their representatives to Texas to make contracts with Mexican families for the "chopping" and gathering of a given area of sugar beets. As far as possible these contracts are made with people who have previously worked for them. The good feature of the arrangement is that no one comes to the beet fields without a job. The hard part is the "coming." Several families are loaded into a truck and then driven 1300 miles with the fewest possible stops—which means two days of fast travel all jammed up together. As the trucks are usually owned by the drivers and merely hired for the

trip, there is no one from whom damages may be collected in case of accident.

Although Michigan is a beautiful state where most people live in comfort, life is rough for the sugar beet workers. The Martinez family is better off than most. Instead of packing father and mother and the five children into a one-room "apartment" in a big wooden barracks they share a house out in the country with just one other family. Of course the paint long since departed from the outside of the house, and the only way the water gets in is when somebody carries it, but there is plenty of yard and lots of air.

When papa, mama and big sister work in the fields there is the question of what to do with José, Maria, Benito and little Margareta. It is a bit hard on both the children and the furnishings to lock them up in the house, but it is something of a problem as to where and how you will find them if they are turned loose for the day.

The Martinez family was very happy when Señor Alberto Moreno offered them an answer to this puzzle. He told them that in the near-by town of Alma the Council of Women for Home Missions in coöperation with the Gratiot County churches had secured the use of an old schoolhouse as a center where the children of the beet workers would be cared for during the day. If they would have their four younger children ready in the morning he would call for them in his car, and then they need not worry about them until he brought them back again at night.

The opportunity to have their children looked after appealed to papa and mama Martinez, while the chance to go for a ride awakened the expectations of José, Maria, Benito and *pequeña* Margareta, especially when they found that it was a car and not a truck that they would travel in.

But the real surprise came at the end of the trip. They arrived at a big old schoolhouse, which was no longer used for

All ready for a day at the center

Story time

school because the city had erected a new building. Here a swarm of 100 Mexican children hung their hats, washed their faces, ate their lunch and had some of their classes. But when it did not rain and *el sol* wasn't too hot the children were in the yard most of the time. During the play periods they romped down the slide and swung in the swings.

There was something for everybody to do. In the kindergarten little Margareta had her first experience with real toys. She loved just to feel the blocks. She wasn't much good at catching the big rubber ball but she certainly enjoyed throwing it.

Benito joined the band! Miss Gertrude Hermann, who runs a kindergarten in Grand Rapids during the school year, taught the children to make music on most anything—triangles, tin cans, clappers and bottles of water hung on strings. The big idea was to keep in time, but there were tunes, too. And Benito just loved it!

Maria liked to listen to stories —nature stories, fairy stories, Bible stories. When Miss Hermann started a story her eyes would never look away and there was nothing her ears did not catch. She did not understand all the English words, but she usually got the idea. Then at night she would tell the stories over again in Spanish to Benito and Margareta who liked them, too.

José went in for woodworking. In the afternoon the boys who

When the band played

wanted to make things would go to the Salvation Army building, where they had saws and lathes and all sorts of things in the basement, and work away making something useful for their homes. It would be hard to imagine any sort of furniture which would not come in handy around the Martinez house. What he finally created was a box which would both hold things and look pretty.

At the close of the afternoon all the children would gather together on the lawn for a worship service led by Señor Moreno. This was in Spanish because that was the language which all of the children really understood. After they had sung and prayed he would tell them a Bible story or talk to them about their duty to their parents or how they could make their homes happier.

Then came the ride home. Usually the Martinez children waited for the second trip. Although Señor Moreno's car was only supposed to hold five passengers, sometimes twenty children managed to get in. As he usually lost four or five at each stop, the crowding did not really last very long.

If only the Martinez family could be sure of year around work they would give up their winter home in Texas. That would save the long truck ride spring and fall and it would give the children a chance to really go to school and learn the English language. As they were all born in the United States they are American citizens.

"Out of the Earth with Understanding"

By Oline E. Nicholson

In the past we have counted upon the weaving done by the girls at Rachanyapuram (Lucy Perry Noble Institute) in Madura, South India, to help them to pay their way—and then the war sent the price of materials soaring beyond the reach of our shoe-string budget.

I began to investigate other crafts which might take the place of weaving, seeking something which was practiced in the villages in our part of India, which would require no capital but which would be immediately remunerative, and which would have educational value.

In a near-by village I found an old potter who was a genius in the molding of clay. Unlike most professionals in India, he was willing to impart his art to others.

I explained to him that we did not have a single "pie," which is less than half a cent, to spend, and asked him to make

Students enamelling pottery

Ready for sale!

Firing pottery in India's equivalent to a kiln

enough pottery out of class for us to sell to cover our expenses. He did this, entering into the spirit of the venture.

For a month ten girls, two teachers and myself took lessons from him. Once he said to me, "But Ammal, you are expecting to learn in one month what it takes our caste people six months to learn!" But now we make pottery on a wheel.

Of course our potter's wheel is a simple village one. We have no kiln, but burn our pottery in the old Indian way—stacking it on top of firewood and straw and then hoping that the rain won't come and spoil it. This weather business is a bit of a strain. Usually we need rain for our rice fields. When I scan the sky for clouds I am at a loss whether to wish for a dry day for our pottery or rain for the rice!

In a Philadelphia museum is an early Pennsylvania-German plate on which one reads:

"Luck, glass and earth—
How soon are they broken!
Out of the earth with understanding
Makes the potter everything."

Life doesn't begin at forty, but when you master the potter's wheel. We have village girls in our school at the impressionable age when our influence on their lives is like the potter's touch on the clay. We are shaping character for the burning kiln of life!

Majoring on the Practical

By Ernest M. Halliday

We arrived in Dudley, North Carolina, on Saturday afternoon in time for the baby show. But first we viewed the exhibits in the community room of this rural church. Here were pumpkins, corn, melons, citrons, sorghum and the biggest sweet potatoes you ever saw. Lovely flowers added their touch of beauty and rows of shining glass jars revealed a wide variety of vegetables "put up" for the winter, a conspicuous testimony to the practical benefit of the church's program. Several seasons ago Pastor and Mrs. J. T. Stanley acquired a pressure cooker and gave demonstrations of how to use it. The women of the community were not slow to profit by the instruction. Since then they have been using the parsonage cooker for canning their fruits and vegetables and even meats. The result is a higher standard of living in the community.

Mr. Stanley is a rural expert. He knows his chickens and his pigs as well as his people. His garden is convincing evidence that his advice is not purely theoretical. He is commissioned by the Board of Home Missions to give one-third of his time to general service among our Negro churches in North Carolina and Virginia. Mrs. Stanley, formerly an Extension Worker under the Church Extension Boards, is an able associate. When her husband is absent from his church in field work she takes charge—in addition to the management of the household, the care of five children ranging in age from three to eleven, and her own regular church duties. Is she busy!

But to return to the "Annual Fair and Home-Coming." Not only the fruits of the earth were on exhibition, but the products of hand activities of various sorts —needlework, crocheting, braiding. "We teach our people how they can make something out of nothing," said Mrs. Stanley. Here was a table spread made from a burlap sack, and a prize-winning little boy's suit fashioned from sugar bags. We saw toys, too, and drawings, and a notable piece of silhouette work with mirror background. It was a showing to be proud of.

Sunday was a full day. It began with a session of the

Over a period of years the Negroes of Dudley, North Carolina, have built this attractive church under the direction of Mr. Stanley

Church School and continued with the public service of worship and Communion. In the afternoon we drove out over country roads to speak to a group who have recently organized a new church. The congregation occupied the verandah and steps of an old-time country house; the preacher faced them, standing on the ground. Soon they hope to acquire a site and to gather funds for the erection of a modest church edifice. In this effort they will, of course, be assisted by the Building Department.

The evening congregation at Dudley filled the pews to hear an illustrated talk on home missions in Wyoming and to see a moving-picture record of Negro church activities stretching from North Carolina to Louisiana, including scenes in Dudley itself.

This church has grown step by step under the thrifty management of Mr. Stanley, who in addition to his other accomplishments, is a practical and practiced builder. It adopted the "pay-as-you-go" policy—a plan to be commended. Gradually the building has been worked on and added to until now it stands, an attractive brick veneer structure, a credit to its community, and a church with an effective rural religious program.

Foreign Flashes

Harmonizing Black and White

Edgar H. Brookes, versatile principal of Adams College, South Africa, not only guides the destinies of that school, but serves as Senator in the South African Parliament as the elected representative of the Zulus in his area! He believes that getting together is the best way for white and black people to understand each other. So he invited students from high class European boarding schools to visit Adams College for a week. They came. The compliment was returned by two of Adams' leading students visiting the white schools.

On the Eve of Sailing

Back to join the faculty of Fukien Christian University, now refugeeing in Shaowu, Mr. Roderick Scott wrote: "The issue of the Far Eastern Conflict is not for the Chinese a matter of arms and supplies but lies between the strength of Chinese morale and the power of Japan's financial structure. The one nation relies for resistance on the spirit of the people, the other supports invasion with the foreign credit necessary for the purchase of foreign supplies. We have no doubt which will give out first. . . . " Mr. Scott pointed out that China feels she is getting more than aid from America. She feels she has America's sympathy, that the ideals of the two nations are the same; that America understands her and will stand by her. "This sympathy is mediated in no better way than through the missionary movement which the Chinese now eagerly welcome. They honor the missionaries and they are favorable toward Christianity. It is a great work in which you and I are engaged."

A Golden Occasion

The first printed pages of the new Turkish translation of the Bible now being printed in Istanbul were presented at the last annual meeting of the Near East Mission by Frank L. MacCallum, representing the American and British Bible Societies. Fittingly Frank MacCallum is the son of Dr. and Mrs. Frederick W. MacCallum, veteran workers now retired in Turkey. Dr. MacCallum has done much of the work on this new Turkish translation. In this same week Dr. and Mrs. MacCallum celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. Their friends saw to it that there was a huge wedding cake, flowers, gifts and a Golden Book containing a collection of congratulatory letters from many friends.

Outposts for World Peace

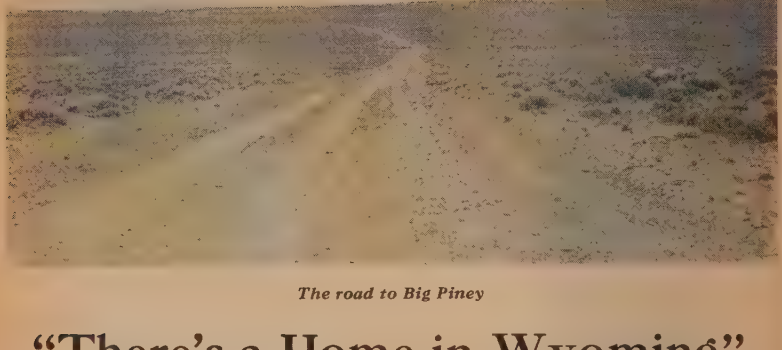
Travelers, members of diplomatic services and newspapermen now agree pretty generally that no one understands the Asiatics and Africans as well as the missionaries who *live* among them. So states Dr. Lora G. Dyer, M.D., of Pierce Memorial Hospital, Foochow, China, adding, "Missions are builders of world peace. The doctor and nurse have peculiarly fine chances to serve, to understand, to interpret Christian internationalism." Then Dr. Dyer points out that "The persistent honesty of the mission doctor in seeking an accurate diagnosis, in giving valid treatments . . . along with his earnest efforts in preventing epidemics, has had perhaps the greatest effect in convincing Christian and non-Christian patients alike of the good will and desire of the West to help and not to exploit the East."

Tires Stuffed with Straw

When early this summer Robert W. McClure of Foochow, China, had to have his shoes half soled, it was done with old auto tires. They walk well, he says, but they are hot. Many of the Foochow rickshas no longer have pneumatic tires. "When they are worn out they are stuffed with straw," Mr. McClure writes, adding, "I hate to ride in a ricksha for the men seem so thin and weak. I never do ride if I can help it and then I try to pay them well." There is not only a shortage of food in Foochow but of medicine and hospital supplies. Practically every face on the streets shows the marks of hunger. And yet Mr. McClure writes, "But our discomforts are small compared with what the peoples of the earth are enduring these days."

Fan Village Keeps Its Chin Up

Fan Village in China, about which many people have read during the past years, was an exemplary town before the war. Its sufferings were great during the invasion but it escaped the flood of last summer and managed to hold a Harvest Home festival. But the villagers have shared in the economic distress of the devastated area because friends from the flooded sections have come to live with them. This burden they have accepted in a truly Christian spirit. The Christians were deeply encouraged by a visit for a month of three women students from the Bible Training School in Peking. One specialized in children's work, one for young people and one for women. The third week of their visit saw the village in terror because of bandits who had killed a man. The girls calmly carried on their work. No mention was made of going to Paotingfu for safety. This attitude made a great impression on Fan Village folk.



The road to Big Piney

"There's a Home in Wyoming"

By Harold Wiley Freer

FROM Pinedale to Big Piney is 35 miles across the Wyoming mesa. In the summer clouds of dust keep Gayle Strickler's car a powder gray, while the gravel thrown back by passing cars adds chips to his windshield. Rain—a scarce commodity—does not impede his progress, as the stony roadbed does not develop ruts.

Snow is another matter. At an elevation of 7000 feet, storms are of two sorts: those in which a heavy fall of snow blots out the light, and those in which a high wind whirls the fallen snow across the landscape with the velocity of a dust storm. Snow is cleaner, but no less dangerous to the traveler.

During the winter months Gayle Strickler preaches in the morning at the little white church in Pinedale and then, with Beth, his wife, loads the rear seat of his car with a shovel, blankets and some chocolate bars and starts for the service at Big Piney.

Whatever the weather, the drive is no great chore by daylight. But western nights can be very dark, with all sorts of hazards about—such as dead animals in the road or herds of wild horses. Sometimes the Stricklers decide to stay overnight in Big Piney. In the corner of the church kitchen there is a miniature bedroom—a wide cot hidden behind a thin curtain. Here they enjoy the western variety of comfort.

Two years ago the Stricklers were snugly ensconced amid the comforts of a Connecticut parish.

One night while listening to a radio rendition of "There's a Home in Wyoming" the door bell rang and the messenger boy handed them a yellow envelope. It was a telegram from Superintendent Harry Johnson inviting them to serve the churches at Pinedale and Big Piney. They accepted the call.

Now they have for their parish all of Sublette County, which is over 100 square miles larger than the state of Connecticut. The population is something over 2,000 people—which works out at something like one-half a person per square mile. They started out to call on everyone in the county. That took time, gasoline and effort. Some people were suspicious of the new parson who went everywhere—but not for long. Visitors are both scarce and welcome at the isolated ranch houses, a few of which have no contacts with the rest of the world during the winter months.

Some of these people attend church at Pinedale and Big Piney; others come to the services held in schoolhouses during the summer months; more send their children to the six or more Vacation Schools which are held in different sections of the county each summer; all are being brought closer to the church by the friendly helpfulness of the Stricklers.

Gayle and Beth Strickler; exponents of religion to all of Sublette County

Where Books and Buildings Are Needed

ARTHUR F. CHRISTOFERSEN is a combination of bishop and circuit-riding parson plus incidental duties as builder, bookkeeper and architect. He is the only white man living among some 400 black families on a native reserve of 5500 acres at a place called Ifafa, whose musical sounds mean "to sprinkle with water." His command of the Zulu language enables him to work intimately with the churches of Natal, South Africa.

It is difficult to realize the utter lack of Christian literature among the Zulus. They have no religious books; no magazines; no study courses (except as hard-pressed missionaries mimeograph material); no discussion groups; no radio—just the Bible, without commentaries, and with none of the worship material which makes for a rich spiritual life in American churches. "How can the leaders give out with no fresh food for their minds and souls coming in?" asks Mr. Christofersen. "Why don't the missionaries help them?" you ask. Here are some revealing facts.

Natal is a rural area. It is a country of hills and no plains. On top of each hill, in a veritable wilderness, is a home—a single family unit. This makes church visitation difficult, not to mention attendance. A Zulu pastor, as well as the missionary, is confronted daily with the impossible task of moving rapidly in all directions. Mr. Christofersen thinks nothing of going 90 miles by auto, then by horseback or on foot, down the river and up a mountain trail to reach one small group.

"I travel from 1200 to 1500 miles a month supervising pastors, schools, churches and isolated groups of Christians," he says. "For the most part the roads are good in fair weather. But let the rains come for four or five days and—well—you just don't travel!"

Mr. Christofersen's "parish" has approximately 3000 church members. It extends, roughly, over an area of 60 miles along the coast and 50 miles inland. There are ten churches and about thirty schools. Six ordained and trained Zulu pastors serve these churches,

Mr. Christofersen and three African ministers

assisted by three laymen who are trained in the vernacular but unable to use English. In addition to a "home church" each man may have as many as twenty-five out-station groups whose leaders have had less than a grammar school education.

While Mr. Christofersen superintends, organizes, counsels and pours oil on troubled waters (for Zulu Christians are like Americans, they sometimes have church fusses), he does not have any authority to place pastors. This is vested in the "Umkandhlu" which means "council," whose eighty or ninety members are elected by the churches. The "Umlomo" or Executive Committee, which means "mouth," is made up of two ordained Zulu ministers, one native evangelist, three Zulu laymen and two missionaries.

The Zulu Christian feels that it is as important to support his church as the Rotary Club, the Eastern Star or the D.A.R. He assesses each member approximately $2.00 per annum with the possible exception of widows, children and the very old, and he expects him to pay it. If he fails, in the second quarter he is brought before the Board of Deacons and in the third quarter he is liable to suspension from church membership! The widows are generally the most faithful in keeping up their subscriptions to the church. The Church

The Christofersens ready for an African road

Council has a central purse into which each church pays its assessment and from which the pastors are paid.

"It is a singing church," Mr. Christofersen says. "The Zulu sings as he works or as he travels. He thinks aloud to music. Any group of boys or girls, be it only two, will always be found singing in harmony, never in unison." Naturally there is much singing in the church service.

"The desire for education among the black children is running far ahead of any accommodations we can make in the primary schools," he declares. "The attendance has doubled within recent years—we just can't keep up with the crowd." The Christian mission schools, which are given government aid, supply these black boys and girls with their only chance for primary education.

Mr. Christofersen not only supervises schools but builds them! A commission of five missionaries, three natives and a colonial man, known as a School Grantee, make the final decision as to a new building—but Mr. Christofersen selects the site, draws the plans, hires the native contractor. He secures all the materials needed except water, sand and stone. He supervises the construction from the first spadeful of sand to the last brushful of paint. Sometimes materials have to be brought 90 miles by coastal railway to Durban, transshipped on narrow gauge for 45 miles more, unloaded at a lonely siding, picked up by ox cart, carried 12 miles through the veldt, along ridges, up hills, drawn another 6 miles by ox sledges and, as a climax, carried up a hill on the heads of husky girl students!

Prepare for the Day of Prayer

THIS year the World Day of Prayer falls on February 28, which is the first Friday in Lent. The theme for the year is "Thy Kingdom Come." An appropriate program has been prepared by the World Day of Prayer Committee of Shanghai, China. The offerings taken at this time are to be divided between four causes: Christian Literature in mission lands, the Union Christian Colleges in mission lands, the maintenance of centers among the migrant agricultural workers in America, and the maintenance of religious workers in the government Indian schools. Programs and other materials may be secured from your State Office or the National Committee of Church Women, 297 Fourth Ave., New York City.

Among the forgotten men of America are those who dwell on the banks of our rivers and fish for a living

"Our Shifting Populations"

FOURTEEN radio addresses by Mark A. Dawber, secretary of the Home Missions Council, covering such themes as "Youth on the Move," "The Sharecropper," "The Migrant Negro," "The Immigrant," "Transients in the City," "The Refugee," and "The River People" have been gathered into a 68-page booklet which may be purchased from the Missions Council at 287 Fourth Ave., New York, for 25c. a copy. Here is some excellent source material dealing with the home mission study theme of the year and with one of the emphases of the World Day of Prayer.

Both Surgeon and Farmer

By James E. Walter

Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Mugrage

BEANS and rice, rice and beans —such is the habitual diet of rural Puerto Rico. Rickets, malnutrition and starvation are all too common over the 100 miles of length and 30 miles of breadth of the little island. Out of nearly two million people, 2500 children under two years of age die each year, while 5000 people of all ages succumb to tuberculosis.

To help this situation the superintendent of Ryder Memorial Hospital has assumed the responsibility for the direction of a forty-acre farm. The head of the Puerto Rico Reconstruction Administration states, "Dr. Mugrage of Ryder Hospital is an excellent farmer as well as a skilled surgeon. Ryder Memorial *finca* gives us excellent coöperation. We wish we had more like it."

Visits among the farmers back in the hills revealed how the *finca* helps the hospital. Pedro and Marie have five acres of ground and seven children. For five months of the year their income averages a dollar and a dime a day: during the other six months they get along as best they can.

Sickness overwhelmed Pedro

Poverty in a scenic setting is characteristic of Puerto Rico

during one of these lean periods. As a new patient at Ryder he was given a complete examination with laboratory tests and X-ray pictures. His appendix was removed in an operating room sorely in need of air conditioning, for which half the funds are now available.

Those who cannot discharge their debts in cash to Ryder Hospital are encouraged to work off these obligations by spending days when they are not otherwise employed in working on Ryder *finca*. This arrangement pays double if not triple dividends. Pedro gained a sense of moral responsibility by doing his share towards the support of modern medicine. He also learned that the doctor's method of contour plowing is vastly superior to his grandfather's habit of running the furrows straight up and down the hillside. He observed that gardens grow better when given constant care. Pedro would not risk any of his five acres on agricultural experiments, even when he receives suggestions on official stationery from government authorities in San Juan. When for 400 years one's ancestors have shrugged their shoulders and said, "No matter what my hands do today, God will take care of me in his own way tomorrow," washing seed potatoes in a chemical solution and planting them three inches deep seems merely a fussy fad. But since he has worked on Ryder *finca* Pedro is susceptible to suggestions from the friendly doctor who saved his life. Thus the *finca* not only feeds the stomachs of its patients but also opens the way for others to enjoy the benefits of a more varied and wholesome diet. A final dividend which the *finca* pays is the much-needed lesson that redemption is not an accident but the result of a sincere effort on the part of man to work with God.

Klise Memorial Chapel, East Church, Grand Rapids, Michigan

We Pray for China

A Devotional Service
Prepared by Mrs. Paul R. Reynolds

MUSIC: "O Master Let Me Walk with Thee" played softly.

HYMN: "In Christ There Is No East Or West."

SCRIPTURE: Isaiah 2:1–4.
I Corinthians 12:1–12.

POEM: "The Spirit of Brotherhood" by Joseph Mazzini.

The law of God is one, as God is one; but we only discover it article by article, line by line.

We can only rise to God through the souls of our fellowmen who people this earth;

God is in the life of all generations which were, which are, and which are to be.

God has given you the general opinion of your fellowmen, and your own conscience, to be to you two wings with which to soar to Him.

God asks not what have you done for your soul? but what

have you done for the brother souls I gave you?

Wherever a man suffers through the oppression of error, of injustice, of tyranny, there is your brother.

Why speak of Brotherhood and yet allow our brothers every day to be trampled, degraded, despised?

If error rules your brothers in some other corner of this earth and you do not desire, and endeavor as far as lies in your power to overthrow it, you are false to your duty.

A solemn mission is ours: to prove that we are all sons of God and brothers in Him.

[From *Poems of Justice* and used by permission of Willet, Clark and Co.]

Mrs. Mary Hemingway writes from North China:

"We walked twelve days along a mountain donkey trail—600 li—a rugged trip among peaks and streams and mountains covered with flowers."

The railroad was broken, and our friends were determined that nothing should keep them from returning to home and work in Shansi, North China.

To this we add the words of Mrs. Robert Chandler:

"We've been back now seven months. Things are thicker even than we dreamed. And more difficult and subtly aggravating. But we keep our heads up. Down deep we are simply thrilled to have a chance to be in China *in this day*. Never were people more parched and famished. Our pity is turned into admiration and wonder at the fineness and courage people wear over their pain and desperation."

We see great masses of people —starving, homeless, "patient and toiling, innumerable, patient as the darkness of night." We see the leaders of the country holding steadfast against tremendous odds. We see the ambassadors of peace, our missionaries binding up the wounds, helping for us all, in the rebuilding.

We see a vision of noble living, a vision that gives us a new measure for our own lives. A "solemn mission is ours." To be worthy of our brothers across the world, we must find a way to share in their building.

PRAYER: (Either repeated by leader, or sung by group, as a prayer)

God of the nations, hear our call.
Thou who art Father of us all.
Show us our part in thy great plan
For the vast brotherhood of man.

From *Interchurch Hymnal* No. 378
Tune: Truro

Camera News

By

Dorothy P. Cushing

MR. NI, LAYMAN

See the small man at the right of Rev. Harry S. Martin, Tunghsien, North China? That is Mr. Ni. He is a farmer. His life interest, however, centers in the church. It is his planning and enthusiasm that has brought this group of boys to our schools and Farmers' Institutes.

"You see," writes Mr. Martin, "there are devoted laymen in China as well as in America whose chief interest is in making sturdy Christians out of the young folk of their communities."

NO "LIGHTS OUT" FOR THEM

Volunteer Workers' School, Tunghsien, North China, closes with candle lighting ceremony. As each student lights his candle he tells of his purpose and plan for the year ahead.

Below, a more elaborate ceremony was held by laymen from Lintsing. The central candle represented Lintsing Church. Each man lighted his taper at it and hung it under a cross indicating his home church. Then he knelt for a blessing. Rev. Harold W. Robinson, of Tehsien, now in America, arranged this impressive service.

A

M

Munaka, who makes her camera debut here, might well represent all the boys and girls of Africa served by our missionaries. Munaka means "the good one" and she is the baby of the Cisumbanje School.

A: A quick glance from troublesome sums to the man with the queer box.

B: This book is really interesting!

B

C

naka

C: Munaka reaches up for some-hing the teacher holds out; symbolic of the 3000 and more oys and girls reaching up in our schools for better things.

D: Munaka really studies the man aking her picture. She wears he clothing of the better dressed Chindau girls, effective with its gay stripes and beaded edges.

This camera study of a kraal school student was made by Arthur J. Orner of Chikore, East Africa.

D

One of Taiku's First Families

EACH step was torture. Half a mile, a mile, two miles! Would she ever reach the church in Taiku? Three miles, then the church. Faint with pain Mrs. Miao collapsed on the kang. "I didn't know it was going to hurt so much," she sobbed.

Young Mrs. Miao, who had become a Christian before 1900, was now the first woman in Taiku to unbind her feet. Her husband carried her home in a wheelbarrow but she never gave up and from that time on she *walked* to church every Sunday.

For several years Mrs. Miao was matron of the Taiku Girls' School and then in 1911 she became the first Chinese nurse in the Taiku Hospital. For many years she was hospital matron. Right now she is living in her son's home managing the family. It takes Grandma Miao to see that things "are done as they ought to be done."

"When my son grows up I want him to be a doctor," said Mrs. Miao after Hsiao Miao Tai Fu came into the world, the first baby born in the Taiku hospital. She was speaking to the late and much beloved Dr. Willoughby A. Hemingway. In 1907 it was considered quite "unsafe" to be around "foreigners." Mrs. Miao was indeed a daring and rash spirit to go to the hospital for her first baby. But the spirit of Mother Miao was undaunted. As a child young Miao played about the hospital, swatted flies, worked on various jobs during school vacations and got some experience in the "lab" and drug room when he was a "pre-medic."

For, as his mother wished, he was training to be a doctor. He was graduated from the Oberlin School in Taiku and then Cheeloo Medical College. He excelled in athletics. An instructor called him the best interne they had had for years. In 1933, with characteristic pep and many new ideas, F. S. Miao, now Dr. Miao, became a member of the Taiku Hospital staff. He worked with

Three of the Miao boys

the late Dr. Leonard F. Wilbur and during Dr. Wilbur's absence on furlough was acting superintendent. The Nurses' Training School owes much to him for he has been an enthusiastic coach of outdoor basket ball and volley ball, believing that athletics not only improve the physical condition of the nurses but make for a spirit of comradeship and unity.

It is whispered that Dr. Miao is a stiff lecturer and sighs of relief are heard when everyone in his Anatomy class pulls through. It is also whispered that the doctor's hobby is photography—and that he has a "red headed" temperament! Apparently this does not in any way detract from his popularity. Entertainments, Christmas programs, social sings, sports for the cooks and the laundry men—all receive his enthusiastic backing and personal aid. And this in addition to heavy medical duties, for the hospital has only two doctors when there is a full staff.

When the time came for cupid to play a part in the young doctor's life, he picked the prettiest nurse in the Training School—Lucy Wang, a graduate of the first class of girls to finish the course in the Taiku Hospital School for Nurses. Now she combines with graciousness modern nursing and a few old-fashioned ideas about the care of babies as she mothers four energetic young Miaos—all boys. Dr. Miao's sister is keeping up the medical tradition of the family and graduated from the Taiku School of Nursing in 1939. We are told on good authority that Dr. Miao's eldest son—in the neighborhood of nine years of age—has planned to be a doctor since he was three!

"I wonder," says Helen Dizney, R.N., of Tehsien Hospital, formerly of Taiku, "if anywhere in China there is another young doctor who has been dedicated from his birth to service. I know there is no one who has been put through medical school by more sacrificial giving or whose career has been followed by more prayer and thanksgiving than Hsiao Miao Tai Fu."

Dr. Miao

Grandma Miao

Eight Weeks among the Indians

By Robert M. Pennington

DALE VANCE and I drove up in front of the log cabin, stopped our car and looked around. The grass covered land, which rolled off into the distance, was splotched with weirdly beautiful land formations. We were on the edge of the South Dakota badlands. The few houses were constructed of logs or were mere canvas tents. Two Indian men at work on a car regarded us with some curiosity.

Dale was at home on Indian reservations, but my knowledge of Indians was limited to Wild West movies, *Hiawatha*, and circus side shows. We had been told to hold our first Daily Vacation Bible School at Cedar Butte. We had also been told that Sam Herald, an Indian missionary stationed here, would give us any help we might need.

The two Indians didn't have much to say. Yes, this was where Sam lived. No, he wasn't home. When would he be back? Well, he should have been back yesterday. Maybe he would come today or maybe next week. They had heard that it had rained where Sam was and that his car had broken down. There being nothing else to do, we got in our 1928 Buick and headed for Rosebud to pick up food for the Indians we would teach.

When we got back we found that it hadn't rained and that Sam was on hand to greet us. He showed us around, answered all of our questions, and helped us pitch camp. If we needed any help any time, we were just to call on him, he said. When I went to bed that night I no longer had that nervous "floosy" feeling in the pit of my stomach—I had made my first Indian acquaintance.

During the eight weeks which followed we held Bible Schools on the Rosebud and Standing Rock Indian reservations. Our work consisted of singing, both hymns and "fun" songs, projects, memory work, worship services, handicraft and notebooks. At noon, with the help of Indian women, we served a lunch to all the children. In the afternoon we held classes, played baseball and kittenball and went visiting in the Indian homes.

During these eight weeks we came to know many Indian children and their fathers and mothers. Most of them were exceptionally well-behaved. Those who

were not generally had some white blood. They were fast in memory work and excellent singers.

Most of my preconceived ideas vanished. I found the Indians a bashful people but very warm-hearted, anxious and ready to be taught. An expensive fountain pen, which I lost while playing baseball, was found and returned to me by an Indian boy. These Indian young people weren't much different from our own friends back home.

What good did our work do? For one week during the summer we provided the children of a community with something constructive to do. We fed them one meal a day and the food was good, although plain, and there was plenty of it. We gave many of them their first introduction to the Bible and to a Man to whom they could turn in their sorrows and joys every hour of every day of the year. By our presence in their homes and in conversation with them we showed that we were all Americans on an equal footing one with the other.

One cannot live with a group of people for two months without becoming acquainted with some

Indian babies are plump—and numerous

Indian girls can ride without benefit of saddles

of their problems. You are startled when parents of grown children tell you that these children have never been inside a church, when you know that children are dying from malnutrition, that women are bearing children in surroundings from which our frontier grandmothers would have shrunk, when a people, through no fault of their own, consider fruits a harmful food (because they are beyond their economic reach) and regard orange pop as a medicine!

What can we do about it? There are splendid government hospitals to which Indians may go for free help, but the people use them only when something is drastically wrong. The old saying about an ounce of prevention applies here. We must have doctors and nurses, speaking the Indian tongue, who will go into the Indian communities and not only cure disease but teach them how to preserve both individual and community health.

Educationally the primary need is for teachers who do their work, not for the money involved, but because they love the Indian people and wish to do all in their power to help them.

The American Indian is barely becoming acquainted with the Christian religion which has been our heritage for centuries. Because of conditions throughout the world today, men of every race are losing many of their fundamental beliefs. If we who are white, with our centuries of Christian background, are puzzled and bewildered, think how our Indian friends must feel, whose grandparents never heard of Jesus of Nazareth.

We should be proud of the work which has been done during the past century. When one realizes the scant funds, the language difficulties, inadequate facilities, and the immense territory over which the Indians are scattered, one must be humbly grateful that there have been men and women ready to devote their lives to such a task.

The Man They All Love

(*Continued from page 8*)

Another pulls his coat sleeve until he can whisper into the ear of this kind man, "My pants are all worn out and they need washing." "Come up to my house this afternoon and I will find a pair for you" is the answer. They are likely "manufactured" from some of the cast-offs sent by friends in America.

Talk about creating: that act did not cease with the so-called "Creation." Ned Smith creates with the help of Ne Mu, an old lady who sort of sees to the clothing of these more than 250 homeless little boys. And they are wonderfully clothed, but they are kept warm.

Another little fellow pulls that head down and says, "The sun is hot, may I have three cents to buy a bamboo hat?" Out of another pocket come three coppers. The man who walks out of a store on Fifth Avenue with a brand new Stetson is not half as happy as our little fellow with his three-cent bamboo hat.

It is impossible for people in America to imagine a whole state with no desire for education. This was the condition in Ingtai when Mr. Smith came. The men mentioned earlier, who walked twenty miles to join the farewell procession, are the cornerstones of the Ingtai enterprise. They are the preachers who all the year live in the mountain villages, shepherding the Christians, leading men and women to Jesus, and helping people. They are the men who create a desire for knowledge in the boys and girls. These preachers have planted the desire, it has taken root, and has grown to a good-sized plant. It is still growing. The boys who have gone from the Ingtai schools have helped foster this desire as they have made good as principals of schools, as government officials, as members of Chambers of Commerce, superintendents of hospitals, etc.

The last view I had of Ned Smith was in a sedan chair made by hanging a bamboo seat on two bamboo poles carried by two men. It took him three days to reach the steamer which was to carry him to Shanghai. To Mrs. Beard and myself falls the lot of keeping his enterprise from slipping while he is on furlough. Retired in 1936 because of age, which we could not well help, we were three years at home when the American Board reappointed us as missionaries to go again to the Foochow Mission. It was the condition here in Ingtai that decided us to come. With your backing we will try to carry on.

Miss Keith Retires

BECAUSE of its retirement rule, the American Board has lost the services of Assistant Treasurer, Miss S. Emma Keith.

This "representative of the women in the Treasury Department" began her work in 1905 when she was appointed Assistant Treasurer of the Woman's Board of Missions. In that

capacity she served for over twenty years caring for the details of the W.B.M. treasury.

She served the W.B.M. as Acting Treasurer just before the Merger with the American Board which went into effect in 1927.

All through those twenty-two years with the Woman's Board of Missions she had the happy privilege of handling a constantly increasing flow of receipts.

Since the Merger, as Assistant Treasurer, she has been representing in the Treasury Department the work of the three former Woman's Boards, and in addition has carried the acknowledgment of Special Donations and the correspondence in regard to the classification of gifts in relation to apportionment. The gathering of Board figures for the Congregational and Christian Year Book has been in her hands, and also the general correspondence with the State Offices in regard to donations. She has had oversight of the payment of furlough and retired missionary allowances and rental grants.

She has served as clerk of the Treasury Council and as clerk of the important Committee on Appropriations and its Committee ad Interim.

The Board at Berkeley recorded "with regret the necessary retirement of its most faithful and efficient" Assistant Treasurer, and expressed to her its "genuine and abiding gratitude for a service that has been no less important and permanent in value because of its less spectacular nature."

Wood and Newman

A little less than eleven years ago the Church Building Society acquired a new secretary. He was Elbert C. Wood, attorney-at-law and land title expert from a real estate firm connected with one of the major life insurance companies of the United States. On November 1 he began a well-earned leave of absence which was voted by the Home Board last summer, and which is expected to continue until the date of his retirement at the close of the current fiscal year, May 31. This arrangement was suggested so as to enable him to spend the winter in Florida with Mrs. Wood, where it is hoped she may come to better health.

Mr. Wood's successor is William Kincaid Newman, alumnus of Princeton and University of Pennsylvania Law School, and member of the bar both in Pennsylvania and New York. Mr. Newman has been an associate of Mr. Wood's for three years, and has proved his fitness for his new position by the alertness, intelligence and painstaking care with which he has performed his duties both in the office and on the field. In addition to native ability and adequate training, he has brought to his work a special interest growing out of his Congregational background.

His grandfather, Reverend William Kincaid, was secretary of the Home Missionary Society from 1888 to 1897, and his mother, Mrs. B. J. Newman, served for years as a director of the Home Boards. Both Mr. Wood and Mr. Newman have been active in religious circles, the former as deacon and Sunday School superintendent at Spring Valley, New York, the latter in young people's work in Pennsylvania.

A minute of the Board of Home Missions prepared by Dr. Warren W. Pickett expressed the feeling of board members and of his colleagues

William Kincaid Newman

with respect to Mr. Wood and his excellent record. It reads:

"WHEREAS, Mr. Elbert C. Wood, who for the past ten years has been a secretary of this Board in charge of the Church Building Department, is planning to retire on May 31, 1941; and

"WHEREAS, He has been granted a leave of absence beginning November 1st, which is expected to continue until his retirement;

"*Be It Resolved*, That the Directors

of this Board of Home Missions express their unstinted admiration for the great competence with which he has discharged his most difficult and exacting task and their profound gratitude for his constant fidelity and for the modest and gracious fashion in which he has unfailingly dealt with his colleagues and with our ministers and churches."

New Assistant Treasurers

THE American Board announces the appointment of two assistant treasurers, Earle E. Smith and Mrs. Ernest L. C. Hales.

Mr. Smith's appointment is a promotion from a position of "Assistant in the Treasury Department," which he had held since 1929. He has made a real place for himself in the hearts and lives of the missionaries and officers of the Board through his work of booking sailings, arranging train schedules and the like.

Mrs. Hales has been assisting Secretary Eddy since 1920, particularly with reference to the latter's chief task of soliciting gifts from individuals. She was "loaned" to Dr. John R. Mott for special service in connection with the Madras Conference in 1938, and in 1933 was stenographer in the Massachusetts House of Representatives in a special session. Before she came into the Board she was secretary to the vice-president and treasurer of the Stone and Webster Engineering Corporation of Boston; chief clerk of the Department of Animal Industry in the State House in Boston, with special responsibility for accounts; secretary to the head of the Boston law firm of Warner, Warner and Stackpole; secretary to the vice-president and general manager of the Mead Morrison Manufacturing Company of Boston; and secretary of Hale House, Social Settlement, Boston, in charge of accounts. She started with a Chandler business course, and in recent years has had special training in elementary accounting and in principles of accounting. This with her long association with Dr. Eddy in the realm of finan-

New Assistant Treasurer, American Board, Mrs. Ernest L. C. Hales

cial promotion, together with her recent trip to India, gives her special fitness for her task in the Treasury Department.

In Mrs. Hales's appointment the Board fills the vacancy created by Miss Keith's retirement, and assures the women of the Fellowship a woman representative "over against the Treasury."

Personals

On October 13 the Second Church in Berlin, Connecticut, dedicated in a simple but impressive manner a tablet "In Memory of **Lillian Jeanette Honiss,** Missionary of This Church in Gaziantep, Turkey, 1927–1939," who "Gave Her Life in the Service of Humanity."

The minister of the church, Rev. Bert W. Richards, reports that "this is one of two balancing plaques commemorating two unique ministers of the church, one being Miss Honiss and the other Samuel Asa Fiske, pastor from 1905 to 1930, and largely instrumental in helping Miss Honiss make an early decision to be a medical missionary." The wording of the tablet was suggested by Miss Honiss' mother.

Dr. Charles H. Burdick, superintendent of the Montana Congregational Conference, was married on October 18 to Mrs. Josephine Wissig of Chicago, Dr. Robert W. Gammon officiating.

Mr. William Kincaid Newman, the new Church Building secretary of the Board of Home Missions, was married on September 21 at Ann Arbor, Michigan to Miss Cathelia Pollock.

Malcolm Vernon White, pastor of our Macedonia (Georgia) Parish since June 1, 1940, was ordained October 30 at the Union Congregational Church of Demorest, Georgia. Mr. White's father, Rev. Hugh Vernon White of Boston, delivered

Help a Country Church

The Congregational Church of Vinita, Oklahoma, needs an organ and needs one badly. Writes Rev. C. B. Bryant, minister of the church: "Our organist is a very accomplished musician; we have a splendid choir; but we need a small pipe organ or a good large two-manual reed organ with an electric blower. Do you know of a wealthy church or an individual who would buy either? Or do you know of any church that may have a small pipe organ or large reed organ that they would donate freight prepaid?"

Write to Mr. Bryant if you can help him and please write by return mail if possible.

the charge. Rev. Douglas Horton, secretary of the General Council of Congregational and Christian Churches, preached the ordination service.

Rev. James Wiley Brown has resigned from the pastorate of the First Church of Selma, Alabama, to accept a call to the First Church of Corpus Christi, Texas. Mr. Brown is a native of Mississippi. He was ordained in 1934 and has held pastorates in Alabama, Georgia, and Tennessee since that time.

Rev. Eldon A. Ramige has been called to the pastorate of the Fort Collins, Colorado, church. He comes from the Pilgrim Church of Lewiston, Idaho. Prior to his going to Idaho he served churches in Iowa. He is a native of Iowa, is married and has two children. He was ordained in 1924.

Rev. Zell Cantrell has been called to the Redvale and Paradox, Colorado, churches. He began work November 1. (Note: No other information at hand regarding Mr. Cantrell.)

Dr. Edward Dwight Eaton, President-emeritus of Beloit College, has the honor of heading the list of Corporate Members of the American Board both in point of service and of years. He was elected October 17, 1889, at the 80th Annual Meeting of the Board held in the Tabernacle Church, New York City, and has held his membership ever since. He will be ninety years of age on January 12. We salute this Grand Old Man, the oldest Corporate Member of the Board, Educator, Administrator, Writer, Saint!

Chronicle

APPOINTMENTS

Miss Eva M. Peek of Freeborn, Minnesota, a missionary of the American Board to the Ceylon Mission.

Miss Thelma Mildred Flint of Rochester, New York, a three-year term as nurse in the Willis F. Pierce Memorial Hospital, Madura, India.

FURLOUGH AUTHORIZED

Dr. and Mrs. Lester H. Beals of the Marathi Mission, beginning in the spring of 1941, with a view to their retirement.

SAILED FOR THE FIELD

Rev. and Mrs. Alvin H. Scaff sailed from San Francisco, December 3, to join the Philippine Mission.

ARRIVALS ON THE FIELD

Miss Gertrude Harris, in Ahmednagar, India, July 10, returning to the Marathi Mission.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley D. Wilson and **Miss Anne B. Kelley,** in Peking, China, September 11, returning to the North China Mission.

Dr. and Mrs. Hugh L. Robinson, in Peking, China, September 27, returning to the North China Mission.

Rev. and Mrs. Earle H. Ballou and **Miss Helen Dizney,** R.N., in Peking, China, September 28, returning to the North China Mission.

Miss Jessie E. Payne, in Paotingfu, North China, October 15, returning to the North China Mission.

Mr. and Mrs. Roderick Scott, in Foochow, China, October 16, returning to the Foochow Mission.

Miss Constance Buell in Tientsin, October 26, returning to the North China Mission.

Miss Florence C. Malcolm, in Chilesso, Angola, Africa, November, returning to the West Central Africa Mission.

ARRIVALS FROM THE FIELD

Rev. Lucius C. Porter, D.D., of the North China Mission, in San Francisco, July 27.

Miss Gladys M. Williams of Taiku, North China, in Los Angeles, July 31.

Mrs. Frank C. Laubach of Dansalan, Mindanao, Philippine Islands, in Benton, Pennsylvania, October 18.

Mrs. James A. Hunter, Mrs. Lewis L. Gilbert, Mrs. Albert C. Hausske, and **Miss Carolyn T. Sewall** of the North China Mission, in San Francisco, November 30.

BIRTHS

To **Rev. and Mrs. Gale Anderson** of Powder River Parish, Montana, a daughter, Dorothy Anne, on October 4.

To **Mrs. Leonard F. Wilbur** in Taiku, North China, October 17, a son, Bruce Dwight.

DEATHS

Miss Grace E. Babcock died at San Antonio, Texas, August 9. She was connected with the Japan Mission 1922–1925.

Dr. Lucy P. Bement died in Kansas City, October 30. She carried on medical work in Shaowu, China, from 1899 to 1926.

Mrs. Josephine P. (William O.) **Ballantine** died at Fitchburg, Massachusetts, November 15, a missionary in the Marathi Mission, India, 1885–1922.

Mrs. Virginia C. (C. M.) **Cady** died at Stratford, Connecticut, November 26, a member of the Japan Mission 1882–1893.

In Memoriam

Miss Anna R. Miner of Deep River, Connecticut, who died October 29, at the ripe age of eighty-eight, was formerly a teacher under the American Missionary Association.

She was born in Old Lyme, Connecticut, the daughter of Joel and Mary Peck Miner. She graduated from Mount Holyoke in 1873 and after teaching for a short time in both Lyme and Deep River went to Janeboro, Tennessee, as principal of a Negro school. Later she worked among the mountaineers in Grand View of the same state.

Miss Miner was a retiring woman, given to constant reading up to the very end of her life. Her pastor, Rev. Harold C. Bradshaw, speaks of her as exerting "in her quiet way a beneficent influence upon the life" of both the church and the community in Deep River. "Her memories of the earlier years were treasured, and when with close friends she could be induced to reminisce it was a rare experience."

Miss Miner's only surviving relative is a niece, Mrs. Margaret Kellogg, who lived with her and cared for her through the years.

Dr. Lucy P. Bement. Over forty years ago a young woman doctor went into Cleveland to seek a professional opening. She found 240 doctors in one

block; but she heard of a long unheeded call from the women of the Shaowu district of Fukien Province, China, with a population of two million and only one trained physician. Answering the call, she sailed with a younger sister, Frances, a teacher, in 1898. The Chinese welcomed them eagerly. The two sisters seemed to them almost like a family. They said the doctor could care for the health of her sister's pupils, and Frances could prepare students who could later take a nurse's or doctor's training. This hope was realized, for forty of the school girls have followed the doctor's example and have become nurses and doctors, serving in many parts of China.

The Chinese spoke of Dr. Bement as one "with the fragrant hands." The "fragrance" was not gained in beauty parlors, but in lowliest service. They did not shrink from blood or filth. Dr. Bement gave herself untiringly to the women and girls and little children, and this devotion continued throughout her life. She was told recently that she should get a new coat, but the cost of the coat, with more added, went as a gift to war-torn China.

Her main work was in the Sarah Parker Hospital, which she built, at the north gate of Shaowu. These buildings are still being used, and more completely than ever before, with more and better trained workers, since the Fukien Christian University and the Union Kindergarten Training School have been driven by the war inland to the Shaowu district. In this safe retreat the Chinese say, "Shaowu is like heaven now."

Dr. Bement's one recreation, after a day of treating more than a hundred patients, was a stroll with her sister along what they called "the million-dollar walk," because of its majestic views of mountain and river. Sometimes the sisters went for a week-end at Mt. Nishitu, but scores of patients would soon gather about the doctor, clamoring for relief. Besides her hospital work, she took many trips into the country to serve Christian workers and their schools. One pastor's wife said, "It was like having God come down from heaven to spend the week-end with us."

Ill health compelled Dr. Bement's return to this country some years ago. The past four years were spent mostly in Long Beach, California. In the early autumn of this year the two sisters made a short visit to their birthplace in Ohio, and were returning to California when the summons came for the doctor at Kansas City, Missouri, on October 30, 1940. It was at Kansas City that the two sisters had been commissioned for work in China; it was fitting that Kansas City should be the scene of the doctor's last days. Kind and thoughtful friends there rendered the last services, and she was brought back to her birthplace (Dover Center, Ohio, 1868) for the last rites and for burial.

The two sisters, Lucy and Frances, began their Christian service in the mountains of Tennessee under the A.M.A.

Dr. Lucy is survived by three sisters: Mrs. Nellie Green and Mrs. W. D. Allen of Bay Village, Ohio, and Frances Bement of Pilgrim Place, Claremont, Cal.

SUSAN HINMAN

Daniel Hand Educational Fund for Colored People

Total Income Received from Investments from June 1 to October 31, 1940 . .	$29,028.67
Month of November, 1940 .	6,538.79
Total for six months ended November 30, 1940 . .	$35,567.46

American Missionary Association Division
The Board of Home Missions of the Congregational and Christian Churches

WILLIAM T. BOULT, *Treasurer*

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